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can make contracts on liberal terms.  
The privilege of Annual Adver-  
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# Newport Mercury.

ESTABLISHED, JUNE 12, 1758.

Volume 101.

## Children's Corner.

NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1859.

## Selected Tales.

### THE SON'S RETURN.

BY MISS MAGGIE PENTEZ.

HERE are some very sweet lines by Dr. Holland, author of "Timothy Titcomb's Letters." All persons would not think the Dr.'s views correct in pointing out the way that boys ought to make themselves agreeable in society. But the character of his writings will render them both acceptable and useful in a wide and interesting field.

Many Timcombs have already received an introduction through Mr. C. Seaman, of New York, to many thousands of young readers, both in this country and in Europe. We give a few lines this week, from the poem, and in our next number will give one of his letters for the boys.

WHO CAN TELL WHAT A BABY THINKS?

(Ruth, kneeling and rocking the cradle.)

What is the little one thinking about?  
Very wonderful things, no doubt!

Unwritten history!  
He laughs and cries, and eats and drinks,  
And chuckles and croaks, and nods and winks,  
As if his head were as full of knicks

And curious riddles as any sphinx!

Warped by cold, and wet by tears,  
Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,

Our little nippie will lose two years;

And he'll never know:

Where the sunnies go—

Who can tell what a baby thinks?

Who can follow the gossamer links

By which the mannikin feels his way

Out from the shore of the great unknown,  
Unto the light of day?

Out from the shore of the unknown sea,  
Tossing in pitiful agony,—

Of the unknown sea that rocks and rolls,

Spiced with the barks of little souls—

Barks that were launched on the other side,

And slipped from heaven on an ebbing tide!

What does he think of his mother's eyes?

What of the cradle that lies

Forward and backward through the air?

What does he think when his quick embrace

Presses his hand and buries his face

Deep within the bosom where sink and swell

With a tenderness she cannot tell.

THAT OLD, DILAPIDATED HOUSE.

Words she has learned to murmur well:

Now he thinks he'll go to sleep?

I can see the shadow creep

Over his eyes, in soft eclipse,

Over his brow and over his lips,

Out to his little finger-tips!

Sofly sinking, down he goes!

Down he goes! Down he goes!

(Rising and carefully retreating to her seat.)

See! He is flushed in sweet repose!

Dr. Holland's "Butter Sweet."

Lines suggested by reading Blindsights, or the Sightless Sinner, recently published by Sheldon & Co., of New York.

"Mercy, O thou Son of David!"

Thus the son of Timon cried,

He importuned for mercy.

Greatly feared to be denied.

Jesus and the twelve were passing,

With a multitude beside,

When the beggar by the wayside

Feared, lest he should be denied.

Those who hushed his cry for mercy—

Jesus had not yet denied,

Loud and louder yet imploring,

Jesus listened to his cry;

Gave the blind man sweet assurance,

He would not thy prayer deny.

"Mercy on me, Son of David,

Give me sight," the blind man cried;

Jesus said, "Thy faith hath saved thee,

Their request is not denied."

Thus importunate for mercy,

Savior, make my fears subside,

Strengthen my weak faith, and tell me

My request is not denied.

To be continued.)

## ONLY ONE LIFE.

"'Tis not for man to trifle; life is brief,

And sin is here,

Or death is not the falling of a leaf,

A dropping tear,

We have no time to waste away the hours;

All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not many years, but only one have we;

Once only,

How sacred should that one ever be—

That narrow span!

Day after day filled up with blessed toil,

Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

REPENTANCE.—Sincere repentance is never too late; but late repentance is often insincere.

## Poetry.

From the German of Seidl.

### THE EMBLEM OF MAN.

BY REV. CHARLES T. BROOKS.

The Danish king, old Sigur, in sadness bowed his head;

He called his friends around him;—they came;

No word he said.

Until at last he slowly looked upward to the sky,

And then his lips he opened and spoke with deep-drawn sigh:

"I am an aged monarch, once I was young and strong,

As man with man have mingled and strive and struggled long,

My frame with toil is wasted, my hair is thin and gray,

And yet, who was *this Sigur*, I know not to this day.

My servants, at my pleasure, old ocean's billows lash,

And when I nod, the icebergs roll down with thundering crash,

Of all things fixed or fleeting the forms are in my mind,

Yet of myself no image can I, by searching find.

WASH FOR FRUIT TREES.—We would remind our readers again of the soda wash for fruit trees, which we have so often recommended.—

This is the time of the year for its application.

Heat *sal soda* to redness so as to drive out the water of crystallization and carbonic acid; then dissolve the caustic soda in water, at the rate of one pound to the gallon and apply it when cold to the trunks and large branches of fruit trees.

It will destroy cocoons and ova of insects, mosses of all kinds, decompose dead bark, and present a fine, glossy surface not likely to be attacked by insects. Unlike potash, it does not destroy any living portion of a plant, while it decomposes the dead portion more readily.

HONEY SOAP can be made as follows:—Take one pound of soap, cut into thin slices, put it into a saucy pan with a pint of sweet milk, let it simmer over a fire till the soap is melted, add two tablespooons of honey, and simmer again until the whole is well mixed; scent it with oil of lavender or bergamot, and put it into shapes.

TO PREVENT your old tin roof from leaking, we advise you to make up a cement of equal parts of white lead, whiting and clean sand, thinned to the consistency of thick cream with linseed oil. Put it on with a brush like paint, filling up the seams carefully, and when dry, it will be substantial and durable.

HOW TO PICKLE PLUMS.—For seven pounds of plums take four and a half of sugar, one quart of vinegar, four ounces cinnamon, two ounces cloves—put the spices in a bag—scald the sugar, spice and vinegar together, then pour over the plums, cover tight, let them stand on the stove and keep hot, but not boil, for four hours.

If your marble is stained with iron rust, apply lemon juice to it with a clean rag and wash with warm water. If soiled with dirt, wash it with soap and "Paris white."

The monarch hears, then presses his hand, in sight of all,

Then wipes he with his mantle the circles from the wall.

persons—yet the widow recognizes the footsteps of one of these persons as being directly familiar to her—at least, she thinks she does. Can it be—

Her full heart cannot answer the half-completed question.

Tramp! tramp! up the broken and tottering stair-cases they come.

The door is violently thrown open, and two young men enter the room. They are laden with baskets and packages, which they unceremoniously place upon the floor, for they are both quite tired and out of breath.

They are both hearty young fellows, sixteen years old or thereabouts, very comfortably dressed in substantial winter clothing, and both wearing upon their rugged yet

sovereign faces the evidences of industry and incessant toil.

But one of these youths is far more animated and delighted than the other. That is the widow's son, James Agin, is a fact made abundantly manifest by the almost delirious rapture with which the poor woman throws her arms about him, while the children crowd about him with noisy exclamations of joy and welcome.

Mother said the boy, as soon as these demonstrations had somewhat subsided, set the young 'uns to work to kindle a fire, for here is plenty of wood. Then we'll have such a glorious supper, for I have brought up tea and sugar, bread and butter, to any amount. There is also milk for the children and meat for us all.

Plenty of blankets, and bed-clothing, are coming up presently, for I have made lots of money. I have been travelling around out of the city, selling a new paper, on which I've realized a small fortune. Tomorrow we shall all be able to move out of this crib, and take up more comfortable quarters elsewhere. Mike, here, as good a newsboy as ever travelled, has helped me to bring up the goods, and if we don't have a glorious supper to-night, it is nobody's business!

Half an hour afterwards, that happy party were seated at an humble but well spread board, partaking of the smoking fare, which had been provided by the industry of the affectionate newsboy. The heart of the poor widow was too full to speak—but it was up in thankfulness to Heaven for having provided her with so excellent and dutiful a son.

### Mother Made It.

A few weeks since, while in one of the beautiful inland cities of Wisconsin, an incident occurred which awakened in my mind a train of reflections which possibly may be written and read with advantage.

I was hurrying along the street, when my attention was arrested by the appearance of a little boy on the side of the pavement, selling candy. He was not really beautiful, nor was he decidedly the reverse.

His age was about nine years; his clothes were old and faded but well patched. His candy was spread upon a coarse, white cotton cloth, neatly stretched over what had been a jappened server.

He was surrounded by a group of boys evidently belonging to different grades of society.

As I came nearly opposite him, the oft-repeated interlude, "Candy, sir? sell upon my ears," and, although opposed to the excessive use of candy, I stepped aside to patronize the light-haired, pale, freckled homespun little representative of trade. I purchased of him partly for his encouragement, but with particular reference to the friendship of the little folks of the family with which I was a temporary guest.

The candy was as white as the cloth beneath it, being free from the poisonous coloring ingredients so extensively used in the confectionary art. I tasted it, and found it delicately flavored and very nice.

"My boy," said I, "your candy is very good; let me have a little more."

I immediately saw that my remark had awakened in his young heart emotions, which, in themselves, were quite abstract from the candy trade. His countenance beamed with joy as he raised his large eyes sparkling with delight, and observed in reply,

"It is good, isn't it? *Mother made it.*"

In these few words was embodied an unconscious exhibition of character. Here was a spontaneous outburst of filial affection.

Now this incident, in itself was trifling, but the spirit of the language carried my mind back through life more than thirty years, and at irregular intervals made me pause and apply the sentiment to some item connected with my own history.

Before making the application, however, I wish to disabuse myself of the charge which such application may incur, of appropriating to myself the nobility of character which I have above attributed to the candy boy. Holding myself exempt from this arrogance, I would simply say, I am not ashamed of the profession of my affection for my parents, and hope I may not outlive that profession!

When I was a little boy at school and carried my dinner in a satchel made of calico, some of my schoolmates carried theirs in fashionable willow baskets, and sometimes teased me because I carried mine in a "poke."

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You may insert a thousand excellent things in a newspaper, and never hear a word of approbation from the readers; but just let a paragraph slip in (by accident) of indifference, of one or two lines not suited to their tastes, and you will be sure to hear it outlive that profession!

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## Sabbath Reading.

## Memoir of Rhode-Island.

1744



## WEEKLY ALMANAC.

**APRIL**      SUN    SUN    MOON    HIGH  
1859.     SAT    SUNDAY    MOON    WATER  
SATURDAY, April 4    6:47 A.M.    5:53 P.M.    20° 5'    24  
SUNDAY, May 2    5:47 A.M.    6 P.M.    9  
MONDAY, April 5    6:53 A.M.    1:56 P.M.    26° 6'    58  
TUESDAY, April 6    6:52 A.M.    2:59 P.M.    42° 7'    62  
WEDNESDAY, April 7    6:51 A.M.    3:10 P.M.    49° 6'    60  
THURSDAY, April 8    4:47 P.M.    4:11 A.M.    43° 9'    53  
FRIDAY, April 9    4:48 P.M.    6:00 P.M.    10° 56'    56  
New Moon 2d day, 5th hour, 15 m. even.

## Special Notices.

WM. H. SMITH,  
DENTIST,  
WINBURNE'S BLOCK,  
139 THAMES STREET,  
Newport, R. I.

WELSHER'S AGENCY.—Mr. S. Clough, formerly of D. Kimball & Co., has an office at Westminster street, Providence, where most of his valuable subscription works published in this country can be procured as soon as issued. The new American Cyclopaedia, Green's Dictionary, and other Editions of Authors of Kitson, are among the works to which he is at present devoting his attention. Any orders left at his office for Mr. Clough, will be forwarded to Feb 5.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to a valuable series of "Fairsbooks" in another edition, and reputation is already world wide, and their constant increasing facilities and experience are a sure guarantee at purchase of any book or work published by us.

M.R.L. T. DOWNES, ORGANIST AND DIRECTOR OF MUSIC AT THE GRACE CHURCH, PROVIDENCE, will provide at the noble organ on this occasion. Also, the assistance of several

Distinguished Singers, Members of Grace Church Choir,

whose reputation as performers of Church Music is unquenched. They will favor the audience with some of their fine selections of Sacred Music.

Gates open at 7 o'clock. Concert to commence at 7:30.

Tickets 50 cents may be obtained at Hazard & Caswell, Tilley's, Hammett's, Barber's, Woolf's, Cawell & Allain's, Denham's and at the store of E. B. Irish, corner of Marlboro and Thames streets.

A limited number of tickets will be sold.

Positively no monies taken at the door.

April 30.

## Mortgage's Sale.

Will be sold by "public Auction, on SATURDAY,

May 14, 1859, at 12 o'clock m., on the premises,

by virtue of a power of sale contained in a cer-

tain instrument of trust made and executed by Eliz-

abeth W. Waters, dated the 13th day of April, 1857,

and recorded in Probate Court on pages 226, 226, 227

of the "Records of Mortgagors of Real Estate, in

the County of Newport, and State of Rhode Island," the conditions of which have been broken.

CERTAIN LOT OF LAND, situated in Fall River, in said county, (formerly Tiverton) and bounded as follows, beginning at the South Easterly corner of land of Josephus Barrows, thence running South by East, by stone and iron rods, and one link, thence Westward, to land of James Wilson, thence Northward by land of and Wilcox, five rods and twenty-two links, to land of said Josephus Barrows; thence Eastward by land of said Barrows, eight rods and fourteen links to the place of beginning, containing fifty-one and three fourths rods.

By order of the Mortgagee.

Fall River, April 30, 1859.

## FOR SALE.

The S. U. B. S. have for

sale at their store, on Pawtuxet new

street, six new

Market Wagons,

with and without top, and one light Carriag-

New wagons exchanged for old; repairing done

with neatness and dispatch.

Thankful for past favors we solicit a continu-

ance of your patronage, at No. 18 Pawtuxet street,

Newport, R. I. April 30-3m BURDICK & STEVENS.

FAIRBANK'S CELEBRATED RAILROAD, BAY, COAL, & STORE

SCALES, OF EVERY VARIETY.

FAIRBANKS & BROWN, 34 Kirby Street, Boston.

April 30-ly

## ANTI SLAVERY LECTURE.

SALLY HOLLEY, will address the citizens of

Newport, on the subject of American Slavery, in

April 30, at 1:45 P.M.

This is the lady who spoke on this subject so

ably and acceptably in the Methodist vestry some

four years since. The public are invited at

attend. April 30.

Court of Probate, Newport, April 25, 1859.

THE Executive named is an instrument in

writing, dated the 6th day of November,

1857, purporting to be the will and testament of

WILLIAM H. BARKER, deceased, of said

late of said Newhill, deceased, and having given

the same to his heirs at law, and the Court

shall order distribution.

And the said will is referred to Monday, the 18th day

of July next, at 10 o'clock a.m., at the Court

Chamber, in the City Hall, Newport, for consider-

ation, and it is ordered that notice be given to

those interested in said estate of Henry Sweet,

as heirs at law of said Henry Sweet, that

they appear before this Court on said Monday,

the 18th day of July next, at 10 o'clock a.m., at

the Council Chamber, in the City Hall, Newport,

then and there to prove their several debts and

claims against the estate of said Henry Sweet,

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